

## PRETTY PARASOLS

These Are the Days When It Strikes Wonder to the Soul.

## MARCH SIDE-SHOW OPENINGS

With the Number and the Weirdness of Its Furbelows—The Hat and Its Trimmings.

Are you so blessed by nature as to take an interest in parasols? I say "blessed," because a capacity for wonder and amaze, if not for reverence, is one of the greatest gifts of nature, and one must be without this gift to look at a parasol exhibit and remain unmoved. Somewhere or other this morning I saw across a "creation"—that's a word I never use unless I happen to be so hard up mentally that I can't think of another—one of silver colored chiffon, with a long handle of ivory most fantastically cut into cherubs' heads and wings, surrounded by rose wreaths and



TOILETS FOR APRIL.

ribbons. About the top of the parasol was a little frill of a most vivid azalea pink chiffon, resting on a deeper frill of gray chiffon, darker than silver.

The body of the cover was splashed with azaleas, pink and pink and white, their brown stems thrust deep in the tangle of flounces, pink and silvery, about the bottom.

There were pink velvet bows with long streamers that had some connection, more or less reasonable, but not now distinctly remembered, with this fantastic bit of prettiness. I wonder if any woman will buy it; wonder if women ever did or do or will buy such amazing pieces of cloud architecture, whose gorgonness is a joy for just about as many minutes as the sunset colors; or at the best, for as long as a rose blossoms or a lily shines.

There was another dome-shaped pavilion—I suppose I might strain a point far enough to call it a fairy tent if I felt complaisant—of scarlet chiffon, weirdly and wildly ruffled and frilled with scarlet fringe. Huge scarlet and black butterflies with beady jet eyes and antennae went creeping and crawling about on the top of it, slowly waving their wings. I can't say that to me it looked altogether canny, but I must somehow have been wrong about it, for it awakened general and genuine enthusiasm.

Can't you tell usually from a parasol just the type of woman who ought to carry it? Only, of course, the decree of fate almost always somehow prevent, and it is the rarest thing, in point of fact, for anybody to connect with the unordained and predestined article. There was a heavy cream-colored silk in the last lot I looked at; it had a fantasy—it is an imperfectly developed fancy run wild—in Dresden china form for a handle. Somebody had labored over it for a season with water-color, Beckoning the cover with strange-colored roses of abnormal size that seemed to have been studied in an opium dream rather than in a garden, but that were tied up, as if they were valued, with broad, painted ribbons.

I have been haunted all day long by the ghost of its proper owner; a big woman who cuts her dress too low when she is in evening costume, a handsome



A SPRING PROMENADE.

woman who walks ponderously and as if the whole sidewalk belonged to her.

The prettiest parasols are the gingham ones that go with the gingham gowns. There are dark blue ones dotted with little pink and white daisies, and green ones covered with pink blossoms, and gray and brown ones on which pink and white clovers bloom sweet and warm until it seems that in your hand you have the dross of many boses.

A hat or two, though the season has not advanced much in seven days. There is a flat mottled straw in a window on Fifth Avenue that reminds one of bark with its brown and its gray and its dull faint green tones. Smooth bark, I mean, for the straw of which it is braided are beautifully fine. Its crown is hardly more than half an inch high. It has a very narrow but very full radio of brown chiffon gathered under its edge and standing out all around. It has very long strings of brown velvet, bow loops wide or more. Rising on tip-toe on the crown to the back are high bows of bicolor ribbon—brown and dark green marbled with oars and pale pink and hints of blue.

If I had trimmed that hat I would have had Jacob-in-the-pulpit for its blossoms. The woman of taste who designs it thinks otherwise, of course.

Jacks aren't among the "importations." Apple blossoms are the actual adornments, and very pretty they make it, though too suggestive of Arcadian bliss to be altogether fits de siècle.

The drawn chiffon hats rebel against the laws of nature as published in the fogy regions. Supposing a woman to take one of them into a dry climate, say fifteen hundred feet above the sea level among the spurs of the Sierras in California, it would be a charming bit of head gear, but its beauty would be far fetched, wouldn't it, when she got it there?

A pale sage green chiffon hat is drawn over wires or to the substantial part of its brim, which, however, is dwarfed in importance by its unsubstantial part, consisting of a full fall of grace that must be uncommonly troublesome about the temples and ears and eyes. The crown is a soft fluffy mass of chiffon with darker green satin ribbons knotted through it and maintaining an easy-going connection with certain bunches of yellow violets and with the long strings behind.

Some of the new hats have queen crowns shaped like hour glasses; I remember one particularly in a blue and creamy brown checkered straw, with trimmings of blue ribbons and brilliantly marked cream and scarlet tulip flowers.

Do you like to sit in a room filled with the smell of hyacinths? I fancy I shouldn't conduct myself properly if I did it very long at a time. The spring fashions are somehow hyacinth in their airs and graces and suggestions of unwholesomely sweet perfumes.

Take for example the walking gown sketched in the first illustration. It is of porcelain blue summer silk, with flounce and puff of paler blue and black at the bottom. Between flounce and puff runs a black velvet band. The jacket is turned up with black velvet revers held by big pearl buttons. There are more revers in front to give it a sufficiently distinguished and director air, and from the neck comes a fall of lace deep enough and full enough to drown one's self in. The black velvet Gainsborough hat has blue plumes and blue bachelors' buttons for trimmings. It is a picturesquely outfit, but one hardly conducive to strong, sensible or wholesome thinking.

Or take the cape of silver gray ladies' cloth that is drawn with a smart French



TWO SPRING WRAPS.

coat beside it. Its fitted cap of blue velvet must smother one's fresh notions of life, as celery is smothered when you bleach it, or makes all one's ideas high shouldered.

The coat with it is supposed to be of cream cloth shot with gray; it has a half-adjusted front, fastened with pearl buttons to a long, straight cream-colored plastron. The sleeves are frilled into cuffs and there are gray and steel trimmings.

A couple of simpler frocks will be a relief to close with. The plaid calling dress pictured is of cream-colored and brown camel's hair. The skirt has a brown velvet border and is slashed on each side and held by silver buttons. The double-breasted bodies has gathered basques and a wide belt of velvet. The full sleeves are gathered into deep cuffs, and the heavy velvet hat is trimmed with rosy cream plumes.

The dark blue beretis that is the plaid's companion is even more demure in tone, with its sheath skirt faced with darker silk, its silk ribbon at the waist and its simple sleeve, cuff and bodice drapings.

It would take little money to copy it and it is within a graceful gown.

ELLIE OXON.

A Child's Wisdom.

A well known Boston physician has a little grandniece who has been very ill with pneumonia. When she was well she wanted a dog very much, and she did not forget it even when she was suffering.

One day she told her mamma how very much she wanted the dog, and entreated her to ask her grandpa, as she calls him, to buy one for her. The mamma said that grandpa didn't like dogs, and probably would not want to. "Wait till you are well," she added; "then we will see."

"Oh, no," replied the wise child, "the more sick I am the more likely he will be to get it for me."—Boston Herald.

A Fool's Object.

Tramping Jake—It's gettin' to be too hard work to pick up a livin' in this country. If it wasn't so far away I'd go to Central Amerika. A man don't hav to do nuthin' there. Whole country's covered with bananas. Nothin' to do but lay under a tree all day an' eat bananas.

Rusty Rufe—Got to pick 'em off the trees, hain't ye?

"Course."

"I knowed ther' was some drawback."—Chicago Tribune.

## IN THE SPRING!

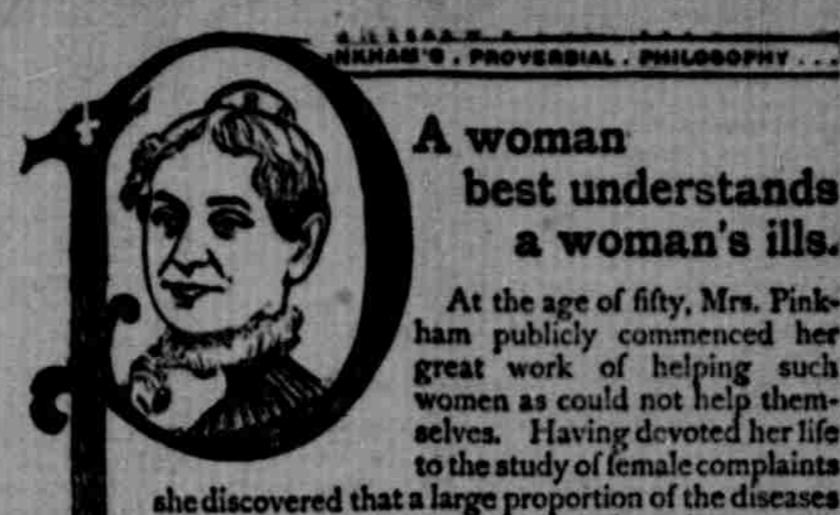
In the vegetable kingdom, the sap or vital fluid rises from the roots to the trunk and branches, producing leaf and flower. So in the human family, the change is as great, for the blood, if not in good condition, must throw off its impurities. In this it is necessary to assist nature, and nothing is so good to

CLEANSE THE BLOOD

as Swift's Specific. It helps nature to relieve the body, and at the same time tones it up.

Mr. RALPH ELKINS lives at Marionville, Mo., and is a successful farmer. He says that he has been a great sufferer from impurities of the blood, which made his limbs stiff and gave him pain in the lungs, but that he took Swift's Specific and it soon relieved him entirely.

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A FOOL'S OBJECTIVE.

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